

## The Silver Savior

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Summary: Emma Swan finds a drunk man in need of saving from his cruel captain.

## The Silver Savior

\_I'm going to warn everyone that this fic is \_all \_over the place. I'm sick with a 102.8 fever and decided to try and write something. So I'll apologize in advance for anyone who, after reading this, feels the need to vomit. \_

\_Anyways, this is a captain swan one-shot that takes place before he was in the navy (Servitude Swan?).\_

\* \* \*

><p>"Did you hear the news?" a deep but animated voice asks from beside her as she waits with bated breath.<p>

The man sitting next to him at the bar grunts in attempted laughter.

"Now, Thomas, I realize that very little goes on here, but you'll have to be more specific than that if you truly want me to understand you."

Exasperation is clear on his face, and he lets out a forceful breath. "About the lost princess, you buffoon! It's been on the top of everyone's minds for the past week, I can't believe you've not heard yet!"

"So I'll take it she's been found, then?"

The man \_- Thomasâ€¦ perfect - \_sighs. "Of course not. Another fake's been tossed into the street after -"

"\_Big surprise, that," \_the other interrupts.

\_"Silence, \_Ozzy! It \_was!\_ Everyone believed that it was finally her. She fit the description perfectly: green eyes, blonde hair, even down to the famous birthmark." His dramatic pause could be lost on no one. "However, the other day when one of the kingdom's allies had been visiting the castle, their magic went awry and the woman's appearance changed entirely!" He takes a moment and schools his excitement at affairs filled with royalty and magic.

"Much to the king and queen's dismay, the girl had been using a spell in order to change her appearance, enabling her to be the closest match to their long lost daughter. She was kicked out of the castle immediately, and I'm surprised that she didn't lose her life," he said, his voice filled with something close to concern. "I don't blame her, though. If it had worked out, she would have had it all."

His eyes become wistful, and she knows that he's taking a moment to imagine what '\_it all'\_ would have looked like. She rolls her eyes and starts to see how his childish excitement about things like magic and stories of lost princesses could be shrouded out by his selfishness. How he's really just a thief who's malcontent with his present way of life

At least that's what she tells herself.

It makes it easier that way.

The other man - not Thomas - speaks then, considerably less enthralled with the situation than his previously mentioned friend. "I honestly wish that they'd never found out - for them to have just remained in their state of ignorant bliss at finding their 'daughter.' Because I swear to all that is holy that absolutely nothing will be accomplished in this kingdom until that girl is found." His voice overflows with uncontained bitterness.

"All resources go to finding her, while the Evil Queen still runs rampant, and we become sitting ducks!

"How much strife must we all endure for a loss that occurred almost over nineteen years ago?" He takes a long swig from the bottle of amber liquid in his hand, and she can tell that he has seen far too much in his time to be able to have empathy for the desperate king and queen. "Perhaps a fake wouldn't be so terrible."

She could relate. Times were hard. If they weren't, she'd have a job far better than the one that forced to her listen to petty gossip in a tavern late at night.

Thomas, however, simply grins. The sparkle in his eyes and the deep wrinkles that surround them give him a look that far surpasses the wistfulness caused by imaginary wealth and prosperity. This was granted by something real.

She winces at the look, begging for him to say something - anything that could possibly make her at least feel indifferent towards the man, rather than the possibility of finding reason to take pity on him.

However, it was to no avail.

"I can't say that I blame them," he says at last, smile being tamed into a simple quirk of his lips. "My own wee lass just reached the fine age of four two fortnights ago, and I would have much rather died than miss seeing the glee that lit up her face when she was presented with the small toy we bought for her." His smile then falls completely and is replaced with a frown as he seems almost disappointed with himself.

"It wasn't much. I didn't even buy it. Stole it from the market, and it was still far less than what a beauty like herself deserves. Anyways, what I'm trying to say is that I understand where you might be coming from, but if I were me who were to have the riches and power that came with ruling a kingdom, they would be far less enjoyable and I would think far less rationally if I was not able to share them with my true daughter." He runs a hand through his wiry red hair and then goes to pat Ozzy on the back.

"Things will get better, my friend," he promises, with hope like a prayer on his lips. "They'll find her soon and the joy to follow will better both of our lives. We just have to be patient, and remain happy with what little we have." His eyes are soft and warm, emanating what can only be described as a contagious amount of positivity.

The first real smile she's seen on Ozzy's face appears since she began listening for a chance to grab Thomas, and he returns his friend's pat gently. "I'll try, Thomas. Just keep reminding me, and I'll try."

It's become too much her - the encouragement, the hope.

She can't listen anymore. The few silver coins offered for the capture of the "Criminal With Malicious Intent" who'd stolen a stuffed toy for his daughter, were not nearly enough for the guilt she'd carry around from taking a loving father - that like she'd never had - away from his family.

She throws a coin down onto the table she sits at, before swigging down the rest of her drink and making her way towards the door.

Her hand rests on the handle and she rights the hood of her dark cloak atop her head as she prepares to step into the cool night air. But as a bout of raucous laughter and mocking voices recapture the attention she'd attempted to rid herself of at the loss of a guilt-free way to feed herself, she turns back around.

"It's no wonder that a worthless codfish like yourself would end up a slave due to your own father's betrayal," a deep voice bites, making even her flinch at the harshness of his words. "You can't even partake in a bit of gambling without proving yourself a failure. Why the man waited a full nine years to be rid of you is what's always shocked me."

barking laughs fill the crowded space as a slurred voice softly mumbles a mixture of sly remarks that fall flat, and curses to try to put the man with sharp words back in his place.

Instead, the laughter increases at his sorry attempts to defend himself \_and\_ what appears to be another wrong gamble on his part.

She steps further into the crowd to see a young man with pursed lips and a ponytail. His eyes are a brilliant blue, but unfocused, and his cheekbones are sharp, but tinged with pink caused by his flustered drunkenness.

The other man she doesn't care enough to look at.

After spending years learning to defend herself after being betrayed and finding herself alone again and again, it took very little for her to split people into two sections: the corrupt, and those who needed saving.

With a mixture of abusive speech, a cocky grin, and a conscience that allowed him to take full advantage of a man not himself, the former stands at the head of the jaunty crowd, laughing all the way.

In contrast, the latter sits alone with discouragement clear in the wrinkle of his brow, and worthlessness making a home in his bones.

Whether the sight fills her with pity or rage cannot be discerned.

She violently shoves through the jeering crowd and makes her way to the leader of the group.

He lets out a disgusting laugh and mutters something about 'enjoying her eagerness' before he actually acknowledges her.

"And what would a pretty woman like yourself want with a \_captain \_like me?" he asks, and the thought of even touching such a horrid man makes her silently gag.

She smiles, filled with a murderous amount of mirth as she stares him down.

"I simply came to inquire what you were up to, \_captain,\_" she replies, emphasizing the title just as he did, but doing so with poison on her tongue.

"Well, you see, wench," he began as fire raged on the back of her eyelids. "â€|this worthless \_boy\_ here has decided that he's on the route to becoming a great captain - \_in the navy \_even. I simply came to teach him a thing or two about gambling, but his lack of skills would imply that his goal of becoming captain might prove to be too much."

A nearly unanimous chuckle sweeps through those watching, and the man smiles triumphantly.

"Bloody bugging \_git\_, " the sorry man slurs, still managing to sound angry despite his inability to talk properly.

She spares another quick thought for the inebriated man, and chooses her course of attack.

"I mean, it's hardly fair," she whispers, deciding that a con would be the simplest way to handle the situation. "He's drunk off his ass and you seem to have barely gotten started." She purposefully runs her tongue along her lips, his eyes greedily following the movement. \_Just as planned.\_

She leans in just as close as her dignity can allow, and her voice drops an octave. "\_What do you say we rectify that?"\_

His eyes fill with desire and a smirk grows on his face.

"Clear out, sailors," he shouts - more loudly than necessary, in her opinion - to the group. "Get back to the ship, and I'll most-likely meet you there a bit later in the evening." He gives a mischievous glance to his aforementioned crew and follows up with, "If I'm notâ€¦|\_wellâ€¦|\_don't go searching for me.\_"

The group laughs once more even as they go their separate ways and he leads her to a discrete corner of the tavern.

"Long John Silver," he offers, with no shortage of self-pride flowing naturally from his voice.

"Emma," she says back with the offer of a bottle of rum between her fingers.

He accepts, and as he does so, his mischievous glance returns, and is redirected at her.

"I'm sure we'll have an \_excellent\_ time tonight, Emma," he says, taking a long sip of the rum before offering it to her; his smirk growing as her gag reflex returns.

\_"Only when you're passed out on this bench,"\_ she thinks.

\* \* \*

><p>It takes less than ten minutes to have him drunk to the point of forgetting his own name, and five more after that to have his eyes rolling to the back of his head.<p>

She heaves a sigh of relief as his head hits the wall behind him, and feels amusement fester within her at his ability to take advantage of others, while moments later he's the one being played like a lute. She quickly grabs his coin purse from the inside pocket of his coat, and then shuffles through the silver coins as she returns to where the victim of Silver's attacks remains; a smile on her face.

The man that can't be much older or younger than she is sits with his head lolling in tiredness as his elbows rest on the table. His eyes shut for a moment as she softly sits beside him, and then they pry themselves back open when her hand comes to rest on his shoulder.

"You alright there?" she asks gently, helping him in his struggle to sit back up. She's not sure why she felt the need to help him -and why she still does - but as he looks at her with big blue eyes, she feels a spark of empathy for the man who seems just as lost as she is.

"I've lost all my money, hav'n't I?" he groans out when a slight bit of panic reaches his mostly glazed over eyes. "I've lost it all 'n Liam'll have'ta deal with me again."

His mumbling was mostly incoherent, however, she could sense the edge of self-hatred and disappointment in the way that his voice would falter on several of his choked out syllables.

"I'm a no good worthless boy jus' like the cap'n said. It's a wond'r I can even breathe." The self loathing in his tone increases, and it seems that her presence has almost been completely forgotten as he now mutters with his head bobbing and his eyes closed.

She lets him babble on to himself for a couple more seconds until she decides that he's tortured himself enough, and begins dropping the coins from one hand to the other to draw his attention back to her.

\_Tink, tink, tink.\_

His eyes tiredly make their way back to hers, the realization that she's still there barely phasing him until his eyes begin to focus. He looks down to the coins that make a pleasant jingle in her hands as they land on top of each other, and his brows pinch together in a tell-tale look of wanting woe.

As his eyes make their way down to his lap in what she recognizes as an attempt to distract himself from what he does not have, she speaks up, hoping to put him in a slightly better mood at the knowledge that he's not a complete failure.

"I'd say you probably had about ten to fifteen coins before you went gambling \_despite\_ your current state?" she probes as his lips pinch together.

"Aye," he sighs. "It was just the right amount of money to make my way out'ta servitude and into the navy with my brother, Liam. And here I've gone and blown it all like the sorry excuse for a man that I am."

His eyes remain downcast, and with his words slurring less and less, she can tell that the serious matter must have sobered him some.

Even though she's never personally experienced it, she could tell and understand that escaping his life without freedom was a big deal, and she began to be glad that she had come in when she did.

Who knows the type of brother he has. For all that she's heard, he could be the type to abandon his own kin and leave him more alone than he already seems to be.

She couldn't let that happen.

She gently places her hand on his in an attempt to calm his mind and get him to look at her.

The latter has worked thus far.

"I'm very glad that you're getting out of the wretched hands of your

captain. It seems to me that you'll do much better in the navy than you could ever do with him." She smiles as she looks into his cobalt eyes and as his brows begin to furrow again.

"I said that I was ma'am," he corrects politely, but with sorrow on his tongue. "As you well know, I've lost that money, and along with it my chance at freedom." He pulls his hand from beneath hers and shuffles uncomfortably. He does not seem to want her pity, but rather looks as though he wishes to be alone, and she understands both his pain and reluctance to talk.

For where unsolicited pity was not something she ever felt appreciative for, empathy and kindness were to be cherished.

"You haven't lost your money," she says, as her grin grows ever wider. "It's all right here." She lifts the hand that the money ended up in and drops a good amount of it onto the table she's leaning on. She then watches happily as his eyes search hers to see if she's telling the truth.

"You stole the money back from the captain?" he asks, disbelieving and somewhat awed.

He seems a bit hesitant (and still a bit drunk) but a smile makes his own mouth jump a bit on the edges.

She's never had any family or friends that she could give presents to or surprise with something lovely, but if she had, she was sure that this was what it would feel like, and damn did she love it. Her heart was practically swelling at the thought of him making his way into the navy - and because of her!

"I did," she says, the smile she wears causing her nose to crinkle up a bit. She finds that it's much easier to act so vulnerable in front of someone who's less likely to remember due to intake of too much alcohol.

Little did she know that he would remember.

"As much enjoyment your captain was able to pull by making fun of you for being unable to hold your rum, he's quite the lightweight."

A small, scoffing chuckle escapes from his open mouth as he smiles just as wide as she.

He then seems to catch himself, letting the smile drop for a moment, and then he shyly offers a quick excuse for her to forget about helping him.

What a ridiculous notion.

"I was the one to foolishly lose my money, and you cleverly won it back." He still looks awestruck by her as his gentlemanly side comes out with softly spoken words. "You needn't return any of it to me. You should keep it."

She grows somewhat soft inside at his boyish shyness - his gentle words and inability to accept her kindness left her with almost a pinch of sad pride pulling at her heart. This was a fact that she

didn't seem to mind, however, as this was just a quick good deed that she was bound to forget about in a month or so.

Little did she know that \_she \_would remember as well.

"Of course not! You need that money to make your way into the navy!" she says, acting indignant at him even daring to make such a suggestion (though truly her appreciation runs deep at his thoughtfulness). "You can take the money - free of charge - as long as you'll tell me your name."

She surprises herself with wanting to know such a personal thing, but excuses it at simply wanting to know him by more than the "hopeless drunk that she met at the tavern"; a very demeaning term for someone she had been hoping to save from the verbal abuse of his commander.

He seems just as surprised as her, if not more, at her notion. A fact that makes her quite sad for him, as he seems to think that he does not deserve people who care enough for him to even ask his name.

His eyebrows lift along with the corners of his mouth, the action drawing his lips upward and letting bright white teeth shine through.

He clears his throat, rolls up his sleeve in an attempt to regain a piece of his dignity, and offers her the hand that she'd been resting her own on just minutes ago.

She takes it as he states, "My name is Killian Jones," with his smile shining through - even in his voice. "May I ask yours, Milady?"

With a passing thought of his manners being much better than the man who chose to call her \_wench\_ fluttering about her mind, she gives his hand a firm shake and replies, "Emma. Emma Swan."

He kisses her hand and raises a brow, the smile never fading as he does so.

"What a fitting name for someone with such grace," he sighs, and she's shocked to find that his flattery seems to be more of a whisper to himself than a fake compliment to her.

He breaks their stare as he then chooses to look towards one of the mucky windows of the tavern. He politely turns back to her with an eyebrow still raised as he says, "I'd offer you a drink, but I seem to be rather intolerant, and it also appears to be quite late. I need to head back to my place of residence before my brother returns, or I'm sure that he'll have my head."

She chuckles inwardly at him, as he appears to be a grown man with a curfew, but respects his wishes and is sure to ask if he'll be alright walking back to his ship on his own.

"I'll be just fine, love," he promises, and she feels foolish for forgetting to check if it was a lie. "Besides, if I end up collapsing, I'm sure that wherever I land will make just as good a bed as the one I already have." He pauses to look into her eyes for a few more moments before he makes to stand.



"Goodnight, Emma, and thank you very, very much for your kindness. You do not know the relief I feel at being assured that my habits won't have to be brought to my brother's attention again. He has far too much to deal with without my troubles keeping him from the life he deserves."

He smiles a fake thing that doesn't make his eyes crinkle around the edges quite like before, and she finds that it hurts more than the hangover he'll most-likely have by tomorrow morning.

"I wish you well, Jones," she says, then adding with a smirk, "and I'm sure you'll make a fine captain one day." She wishes that Long John was awake in order to hear her words and become irritated at the contradiction. However, she decides that he is much more bearable while passed out on a secluded bench, far away from her or anyone else.

Killian's eyes shine with unspoken thanks, and he shares a soft smile with himself; reliving memories no doubt, and then thanks her\_ aloud\_ one last time.

He finally begins to walk away from her with a quick, "I hope we meet again!" thrown over his shoulder as he appears to be fleeing from overstaying his welcome. She's sad to see him leave, but rejoices at his happiness.

She begins to pick herself up as well, and the tavern's door closes as he walks into the night.

\_"I hope we meet again, too." \_she thinks, and for a moment her wasted night of bounty hunting doesn't seem to have been so fruitless after all.

\* \* \*

><p>She sees him again the next day.<p>

He's bounding through the streets in an almost childlike manner; smiling at who she assumes is his brother despite the fact that he seems to be getting told off.

"Brother, no more drinking, you understand?" the assumed Liam asks.

"Aye, brother," Killian says, happy as can be now that he seems to be out of the hands of Captain Silver.

"And no gambling, either. Right, Killian?" he asks again, and if this is his brother, she's extremely glad that he seems to be so protective. \_He needs to be protected.\_

He does not see her as they pass by in the market, but as they walk away, she hears something about '\_you better be thanking the bloody gods that that woman found you. We just barely made it into the navy and-' \_

That's all she hears before they round the corner, but she's glad to know that he's achieved his goal thus far. In her opinion, he deserves it, and hopefully soon, with the new position and prim outfits, he'll start thinking so too.

\* \* \*

><p>"There are precise magical reasons that have led the king and queen to believe that their daughter is among us!" the knight on the horse shouts out to the crowd, and countless young women gasp and chatter with excitement at possibly being the lost princess.<p>

She, however, finds herself somewhat annoyed with being drawn out of her home in the middle of the day for \_this\_.

This which would lead to what would most-likely be yet another fraudulent girl being thrown out of the castle, and another reason for the royals to slink away into the corners of their home, never to speak of their mistake.

She knew that they were nice people, rumors from before the time she was born of their countless heroic deeds went around like wildfire, but at times she felt like she didn't have time for their issues of lost children.

\_More people than them face that problem, and none of us make other innocent people suffer for it.\_

She was no longer listening to the man's words, instead thinking of her night at the bar from about a week ago and what Thomas had been saying about keeping up hope.

She did suppose that perhaps this could be the time for the princess to be found. She hoped that it was for Thomas' sake, for Ozzy's sake, and for her own sake. She knew that if she were to be found, the kingdom would no longer suffer along with King James and Queen Snow, and it would be nice to not to live in a constant state of fear and sadness.

So as the guard's last few words of his long speech \_(something about a story from a man in the navy and a spell put on the coins the woman he'd spoken to had touched), \_she watched the young women's faces become filled with hope, and the elders' be filled with something equivalent to weariness. Emma stood with a heart filled with wishes that today the girl would be found; that the weariness would fade, and she would no longer have to chase after men stealing toys for their daughters.

The guard pulls out a piece of paper and clears his throat. The tension in the crowd is palpable.

She watches with - admittedly - a small amount of amusement as everyone holds their breath.

"We've found that the woman in question's name is Emma."

Her heart stops.

"Emma Swan."

End  
file.